

CHARMS OF A BROOKLYN GIRL LURED BLUECOATS TO DEATH.

Two Killed Themselves
and Another Met Ruin
for Love of Pretty
Kitty Corr.

"Looking for the sweetheart of Kitty Corr," repeated the sergeant repeatedly as he rubbed his eyes with his hands and yawned contentedly.

"Well, you'll have to look under the ground. That's where most of them are. She put 'em there, and that's the truth."

At the mention of Kitty Corr several detectives who had been standing in the police station on Adams street, Brooklyn, gathered about the desk with an interested air and chimed in with the conversation.

"Yes," said one, "I helped bury poor old Mullin. He was a patrolman and went clear crazy over that girl. But she didn't care for him—was just having a little fun—no heart, you see—and Mullin, being an affectionate sort, was all broke up."

"We found him in his room with a bullet-hole clear through his head. And Kitty Corr—she only laughed."

"Next week she was going with Maxwell, of the Thirtieth precinct, and you know what happened to Maxwell."

Nearly all the police in Brooklyn do know what happened to Maxwell, and not one but takes care to avoid the wife of Kitty Corr, who has the record of accomplishing positive havoc with bluecoat affections and of driving more than one to his death.

For ten years she has been known as the belle of the Police Department, but thoughtful-minded bluecoats were content to limit their acquaintance to gazing on Kitty's charms.

For those who ventured further and became the captives of her charms, reward was disgrace, ruin and death.

Just why this beautiful creature should have selected policemen as subjects on whom to practice her art does not appear. She could not tell herself when interviewed by an Evening World reporter, unless it be that her first husband was a member of the force and his brother officers formed a majority of her acquaintances.

"I knew their ways," she explained, "and always seemed to fascinate them, so I just paid all my attention to cops."

Strange, Fatal Record.

A partial record of fatalities ascribed to Kitty Corr's wiles include the suicide of Mullin, the attempted suicide and ruin of Maxwell, and the death of another officer who drank himself to death.

Kitty Corr admits that she is sorry for these "accidents," and is half as sorry that she is now in prison on a charge of stealing a watch from Thomas H. Corcoran, a commission merchant, of 32 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn.

This last episode in Kitty's interesting career occurred on Tuesday night, when she was traveling to her home at 114 Hamburg avenue on a Myrtle avenue car.

Among the passengers was Mr. Corcoran, who alleges that the young lady asked him for the time, and that after she had dozed, she extracted the watch and tossed it to a confederate.

Kitty denied the story with dramatic earnestness and demanded a search. The police found nothing, but the magistrate ordered her to a confined for examination on Friday next.



"It was too cruel," exclaimed the fair suspect in her cell at the Raymond Street Jail. "For three years I have been living quietly. I have not even looked sideways at a policeman, and still they hound me."

"Why, it is too absurd. I never even noticed this man in the car except to ask him for the hour and let him pay my fare. But that was nothing. Then he suddenly sprang up and dangled his chain in my face and accused me of these 'accidents'."

"I laughed, thinking that he was joking, and suggested that he attach it to me for a charm. Then he began to rave and to clear myself I asked to be arrested."

"If they convict me for this it will be an outrage. Goodness knows, I have done enough to cause remorse, but this is not fair."

Kitty Corr's maiden name was West-Corcoran, and she came of a good family. When twenty years old she married a policeman popularly known as "Glazy" Corr. He died within three months after the marriage.

Widowhood Became Her.
As a widow Kitty was more fascinating than ever. Dinkled in her car-

riage, with a form that an artist would love to portray, a beautiful face, delicate complexion and always well dressed, it was little wonder that she sagittated her bluecoat friends, and William Mullin was proud to be seen with her.

But his happiness did not last long. The girl soon proved fickle and laughed when Mullin rebuked her and threatened to take his life.

"That man," she related, "was foolish over me. I told him I wasn't worth it, and couldn't stay true to any man, but he acted worse and worse, until he blew out his brains."

"Then there was Tom Maxwell. He was nice to me and I liked him real well for a while until he got so jealous that he took carbolic acid."

"And last time I gave it to him in his beer. Too ridiculous! I never cared about any man enough to kill him. Maxwell chops wood for a living now."

"If he had not been so foolish he might be a police sergeant. But that's the way with all of them. I can't explain it."

Two scars, her countenance shows no results of a life that has been full of peril and excitement. These scars tell the tale of a jealous woman who, enraged because her more beautiful friend was fortunate in a love affair, slashed the rival with a razor.

Kitty was dashed sixteen times in this encounter and one stroke nearly severed her jugular vein. Pointing to the white scar, she delivered herself of this bit of philosophy:

"According to my experience, the difference between a jealous man and a jealous woman is that the one tries to kill himself and the other tries to kill you. I prefer the former."

Concession to Superstition.
(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Thirteen dollars and a half seems a high price for such a comparatively short trip," said the man with the travelling bag in his hand.

"We thought people would rather pay that than sit," replied the agent of the steamer line with an explanatory and apologetic cough.

MYSTERY IN STYLISH PRISONER.

Well-Connected Cuban Is
Accused of Stealing Val-
uable Rings.

EMPLOYER COMPLAINS.

Arrest Made While He Dined in
Broadway Restaurant with
Two Fashionable Women.

Well dressed and handsome, "Henry Smith," a Cuban, who has been living at the Hotel Normandie, was a prisoner in the West Side Police Court this morning charged with stealing three rings, valued at \$120, from his employer, F. Frederic Geogor, who lives at No. 21 East Seventy-second street. The real name of the prisoner is said to be Navarro, and he claims to be a nephew of Senator Navarro, the Cuban Minister of Finance.

Smith, or Navarro, was arrested while dining just after midnight in Rector's restaurant, on Broadway, near Forty-second street, with two stylish-looking women.

"I keep a real-estate office at 41 West Thirty-third street," said Geogor to Magistrate Meade when the prisoner was arraigned. "About six weeks ago the prisoner went to work for me as a clerk."

"On Aug. 1 he disappeared simultaneously with a diamond ring worth \$20, another one worth \$100 and a gold seal ring worth \$20. I had left them on the washstand in my office. The defendant was the only one who had access to the place."

The prisoner waived examination and was held to the Grand Jury under \$1,000 bail. While he was before the court, a handsome woman, richly gowned and heavily veiled, was one of the spectators. She burst into tears when Smith, or Navarro, was led back to a cell. Then she hurriedly left the court-house and refused to say who she was.

Locomotive Hit Father and Son.

BUFFALO, Aug. 15.—Charles Sweet, aged forty-five years and his son Elmer, aged twelve years, were struck by a Lacawanna engine at the Broadway crossing to-day. Both were so seriously injured that it is believed they will die.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S LONDON HOME WAS IN A HANSOM CAB.

Put in an Exciting Few Days Flitting About
Producing "Captain Jinks."



Miss Ethel Barrymore has returned from her flying visit to London, whither she was sent on short notice by Charles Frohman for a copyright performance of "Captain Jinks." She left three weeks ago on the Oceanic, flitted around London, "living in a hansom cab," as she expresses it, and returned on the same steamer.

"I hurried back to be here at the Faversham opening, which was scheduled for Monday night," said Miss Barrymore. "Mr. Frohman had arranged for me to return next week, but I couldn't miss the opening, so I upset his plans. I had a lovely time in London, and was glad to find that the success of 'Captain Jinks' is known there. I am glad I am going to play it there. The copyright performance went off all right, and there will be few changes in the play for England, notwithstanding that it is ultra-American."

Miss Barrymore says Mr. Frohman has a new play for her, but she does not expect to need it for a long time. She will go to the seaside until the beginning of her season at the Garrick on Sept. 15. The opening of Mr. Faversham's season in "A Royal Rival," which Miss Barrymore hastened home to see, has been postponed owing to improvements at the Criterion.

CAPTURED INSULTER OF WOMEN.

Man Taken by Police Says
that He Is a Bank
Teller.

DETECTIVES IN AMBUSH.

Prisoner, Caught in Brooklyn, Says
that He Is Employed in the
People's Bank.

For the last two weeks the wealthy women of the Bedford avenue section of Brooklyn have been insulted and scared into hysterics, while returning at night from church and social visits, by the strange antics of a young man who jumped from behind trees and intercepted them.

Complaints were made to the police of the Clymer street station, and Detectives Duff and Gorsuch lay in wait last night at the corner of Bedford avenue and Ross street and arrested Russell Holmes, of No. 128 Taylor street.

To-day the young man, who says he is twenty-one, but looks older, and that he is paying teller of the People's Bank in this city, was paroled in the custody of his counsel, John Walsh, in the Life Avenue Court in Williamsburg.

Holmes comes of a wealthy family. His father, a retired merchant, owns considerable property in the fine residential section of Brooklyn.

When the police questioned the prisoner they say that he admitted the offenses charged to him, but that he could give no reason for his acts.

The detectives who made the arrest say they saw Holmes insult three women of one of the wealthiest families in Williamsburg.

The police say that the young man is an excessive cigarette smoker. At the People's Bank to-day it was said that a young man named Russell Holmes was employed there, but that he was not at his post to-day.

When the arrested man says the People's Bank was acquainted of young Holmes's plight by an Evening World reporter, he had a right to be completely surprised.

"Why," he said, "Young Holmes has been one of our junior clerks for more than a year, bonded by the American Surety Company, and in that time has conducted himself as a model employee."

"He was not a cigarette fiend of my knowledge, and displayed no bad habits. He telephoned me this morning that he had an attack of cramps and could not come to work."

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Bugs and Insects do not necessarily eat it, but it is
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It exterminates Bugs and Insects by external irritation.
Guaranteed to do the work quickly and effectively.

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Don't mix it with anything. Use as it is.

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For ANTS, COCKROACHES, WATER BUGS, etc., sprinkle the powder on shelves and doors of closets and pantries, around the edges of floors, on the shelves and floors of bookcases, if infested. Sprinkle it around the edges of and under sinks and casings, about the hearths of ranges, stoves, fireplaces, back of base-boards and wall-covering, in any cracks or crevices where bugs or insects may hide. When the bugs are seen dash the powder on them. It is not essential that the insects eat this powder nor that you see dead bugs about. Use, use, and use.

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How They
DO
GIT

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